

## For the Children

### PUTTING THE DOLLIES TO BED.

Three little waxen faces,  
Six little eyes' shut tight,  
Two with little crimps all braided,  
One with her curls so light,  
Rest on the snowy pillow.  
Pray, hush! a silence keep;  
Step lightly across the parlor:  
The dollies are going to sleep.

"Hushaby, hushaby, children,"  
Sang Kitty, softly and low;  
"Hushaby, hushaby, babies;  
There were never such children, I know—  
Such quiet, sweet little darlings  
(Matilda, don't pull Gracie's hair):  
Hushaby, hushaby, babies,  
Hushaby, hushaby, there.

"Amanda, don't crowd Matilda—  
Hushaby, hushaby, by;  
I guess you'd go to sleep quicker  
If you were as tired as I.  
I've been jus' dredfully busy—  
Had to wash and iron and bake;  
And Gracie tore her best apron,  
And I had another to make.

"So hushaby, hushaby, dollies;  
That's right; shut your eyes up tight,  
And I'll cuddle down beside you  
For a minute to say 'Good-night'  
Only just for a minute,  
For I ain't sleepy at all,  
Only tired; so hushaby,  
Hushaby, hushaby, all."

I looked around in wonder  
At the silence all did keep,  
And I found the little mother  
Herself had gone to sleep.

—Youth's Companion.

### TRUE STORY OF A FOOTLESS BOY.

By Belle V. Chisholm.

Sandy was a bright little newsboy who lost both his feet in a street car accident. He bore his pain and misfortune bravely while in the hospital—but after he went home, it fretted him greatly to see his poor mother bending over the washtub day after day to buy him food and shelter.

One day when Snap and Chubby, two of his newsy-friends, came to see him, they found him in tears, because the agent had threatened to turn them out on the street if the rent for the two poor little rooms was not paid by Saturday.

"He dassent," said Chubby, shaking his fist determinedly. "He'd have to answer to the newsies if he tried such a game."

"What'd he care for the newsies," retorted Sandy. "He's got the law on his side."

"And the cops," put in Snap.

"And the use of his two feet," added Sandy, glancing at his empty trouser-legs. "If I only had a wheel chair like blind Jimmy, the fiddler. I'd get me a corner

somewhere and sell papers enough to keep mammy and myself, too. But of course I can never get one, for they cost a heap of money."

"Well, don't fret about it, sonny," comforted Snap. "Me and Chubby'll help out about the rent."

"No, you won't," exclaimed Sandy. "Think I'm goin' to be a hanger-on to you'ns or anybody?"

"Hold on, sonny," argued Chubby. "Hain't we all newsies, and hain't we a right to help one another? You can borrow of us at any rate, and we're goin' to find you a first-class corner, where you can sell all the papers you're a-mind to."

"And we'll get you to it, sure," put in Snap, "on our shoulders if no other way."

"I've got an idea, Snappy," said Chubby as they hurried off to deliver their evening papers. "The President's train is to pass through town Friday night, you know. What's the matter with gettin' all our money changed into pennies and puttin' 'em on the rails just before the train is due, and havin' 'em smashed into Presidential souvenirs to sell for Sandy's chair?"

"Bully!" exclaimed Snap. "We'll have a fine chance of selling 'em at the foot-ball game, Saturday, in time to pay Sandy's rent."

"We'll get Uncle Billy, the toll-gate man, to help us punch the holes and put the strings in 'em," confided Chubby.

"He'll do it all right," agreed Snap, "because he knows what it is to go hobblin' through life on one leg."

They had two dollars and fifty cents between them saved up, and by extra work Thursday and Friday increased the amount to five dollars—five hundred pennies—all of which were crushed into Presidential souvenirs, punched, corded and sold at ten cents each, during the ball game, thus realizing them fifty dollars.

Striking a bargain of a second-hand wheel chair, for ten dollars, they surprised Sandy with the gift, and after paying the rent gave the remainder of the money to his mother for him.

Sandy protested against taking so much, but Snap insisted it would be getting money on false pretenses if they kept it, since people bought the souvenirs with the understanding that the money raised was for the use of the footless boy, and could not be diverted to any other purpose.

A good corner was selected for Sandy, and not only his chums, Snap and Chubby, but all the newboys in the locality were loyal to him and refused to sell papers in his section without turning the money over to him.

The "cops," too, guarded his corner faithfully, and when the stormy weather set in, he was provided with a warm nook on the first floor of a many storied office building, where, from a little window, he could dispose of his papers without exposing himself.

This autumn the office men in the building clubbed together to set him up in business, and the result is, Sandy has a little "news depot" of his own, where all the late magazines and popular weeklies have been added to his supply of dailies, while his income has been increased to figures that promise new wooden legs in the near future.